

## HERE AND THERE IN THE S. O. S.

If you are going to or returning from leave and stop off in a town that is not mentioned in your orders—it is to be hoped you won't, but if you do—go awfully easy on running up and saying "Hello, buddy," to the first Yank that you meet. The chances are he may be a concealed M.P.

There are a few of them, but just enough to make things uncomfortable, on the route leading to the main leave areas in central and southern France. They don't wear brassards nor cardinal's hat bands, nor do they carry lumps of dynamite, but they are M.P.'s all the same. In fact, they don't spring their insignia until after they have delivered themselves of the fatal line. "Come along with me, guy." Then they flash it as proof of their right to arrest.

Some of them are merely men stationed at various S.O.S. plants along the route, who are armed with M.P. powers and privileges as a sort of a side issue, but, none the less, under orders to exorcise them when the occasion arises. Some of them have no other aim in life except to trap the unwary and make them stand the straight and narrow from their units to the leave areas, and vice versa.

The Army laundryman travels around in small units of ten or so, generally attaching himself and his mates to plants where clothes are being overhauled. At one place where his apparatus did not arrive in time and there was a lot of work to be turned out he bared his husky elbows and got right down on the stones by the side of the river Saône with the old ladies of the village of Bourg and scrubbed with a right good will.

One of the laundryman's pet peeves is the job of cleaning up old wrap puttees, which come into him in all sorts of shapes, torn, disheveled, and generally irreparable. After he has guaranteed them one clean surface to be worn outside, he ships them to a French contractor, who has the necessary machinery for piecing the torn ones together. That process completed, the puttees are wound up again, done into the inevitable bundles of ten, and shot out in the field units that may have need of them.

The old story about saving every part of the pig but the squeal seems awfully old stuff to some of the salvage experts in the S.O.S. Give them, for example, one lone pant-leg, ripped off a doughboy while passing through a bunch of wire. Do they cut it up into first-class private's buttons? No; they hang on to it until another pant-leg, ripped off, comes in. Then they put the two side by side and see what can be done about it.

If the rips are fairly neat ones, right down the rear center seam and through the crotch, they patch up the two half-pants and make the tout ensemble look like a brand new issue pair. Then the finished product is re-issued. If the rips are not so neat, if one of the stray pant-legs overlaps more than it should or is torn to boot, they fix it up as best they can for some P.W. to wear. "Half a pant may become a whole pant," he says, "but I'm waiting for its buddy" seems to be their motto.

There is war action and war action but the best of it is that which is never published, according to a second lieutenant of a labor regiment somewhere in the S.O.S., whose special duty it is to censor the letters of his own regiment. "As I lay there I could hear the Germans talking in low tones. They were so near that I could have put my hand out and touched them."

This was the way a man in a labor regiment began a letter to his best girl back home. It was a letter which would have made the heart of anybody's best girl jump with pride. The censoring lieutenant had had some trouble with certain members of his command who persisted in writing glowing accounts of incidents which had never happened, so he determined to make an immediate example in this case.

When the man stood before him, he asked him what he meant by writing such a letter. "Everything I have written is true," was the reply. "I was merely telling about the German prisoners we have working in this camp."

A couple of Army nurses, stationed in a big S.O.S. hospital, became warm friends of a French family in a nearby village. The daughter was engaged to be married, and immediately after the signing of the armistice the invitations were sent out for the wedding. The nurses each received one. The ceremony, quaint and unlike anything they had ever seen before, fascinated them. When the minister had concluded, one of the family went among the guests with a plate. Each person solicited made a contribution. As they were mostly peasants, the sum total was small.

The nurses determined to give the bride and groom a good send off. They took all the money they had, which was considerable, and poured it into the plate. They were disconcerted a few minutes later to see the minister receive the plate and empty its contents into his pocket. One of the guests who spoke a little English was questioned. "Oh," he replied, "that was his fee."

"Some kings are trumps, after all," was the admission of a husky six-foot lumberman of the 20th Engineers, a chance meeting with the aged King of Montenegro near one of the base ports a short time ago.

The incident occurred when the King was a guest at a hotel in a city not far from the camp of the 20th Engineers.

A number of American soldiers chanced to be at the entrance to the park when told that the King was coming. They stood at attention by the gate as the homeless ruler passed through.

The monarch, who was walking slowly, assisted by his aides, stopped when he saw the Americans and raised a hand. They met his gaze with as much curiosity and interest as he manifested in them.

Asked if they spoke French, one of the Americans replied, "A little," whereupon the King attempted to converse with them. He examined a campaign hat carefully and also was apparently absorbed in the American uniform and collar ornaments.

As he left the King tipped his hat courteously. This was acknowledged by the Americans with the military salute.

## STAGED IN AMERICA, 192—

She: Am I the first girl you ever kissed?  
He: Gosh, no! Wasn't I in France the day the armistice was signed?

## "I USED TO KNOW A GIRL—"



—at Home Who Looked Just Like You—

## OLD HINDENBURG FIXED FOR LIFE

Ex-German Artillery Horse Booked for New Hampshire Farm

## WHINNIES AT SENTRY BOX

But Landwehr Guard Doesn't Come Out With Carrot—Good as Pack Carrier

How to get one chestnut horse—weight 1,750 pounds—back to New Hampshire is the problem that is giving one Machine Gun Battalion as much thought as is the question of when that battalion is going to return. Somehow—it can't be figured out just now—that horse must be in the line when the battalion marches through the streets of Concord or Manchester on its triumphant return.

For Old Hindenburg—what are name and nationality and sex when it comes to naming a horse?—has been on the roll of this outfit now for two months; he has gone into harness with it; he has eaten when times were good and rations plentiful hay as well as corned willie, and hungered the same as the men when the ration carts and supply trucks fell behind in the advance. Many a machine gun man remembers Old Hindenburg's back in his sanctuary at night, when he feared he would have to fall out because of foot weariness.

Hindenburg never crossed the Atlantic. He lived on the other side of the Rhine for the greater part of his young horse life, and he joined the battalion wholly by accident on one of those thrilling days when the German Army was moving back through the Ardennes and the new Armies of America were pressing on.

## Hindenburg Comes to Life

Dead horses are thick on every battlefield road, but a New Hampshire farmer, touched by the sight of miles of animal wastage, felt a thrill of sympathy when he saw two huge horses lying side by side in their traces in front of a German artillery limber. He mechanically kicked at the nearest hoof, and then up rose Hindenburg, floundering with the weight of the harness that linked him to the wagon pole and the dead horse on the other side. A high explosive fragment had stopped that other horse, but Old Hindenburg had not been touched.

Hindenburg—they christened him on the spot—had no objections at all to joining the battalion. He proved his worth right away when they loaded on his platform-like back a half dozen heavy packs. Like the well-trained horse he was, he simply fell into the column and went plodding along. An officer, growing curious, expressed some doubts as to the legality of Hindenburg's acquirement, but Hindenburg's farmer friend explained the difficulty away.

"Yes, sir, we're going to take Hindenburg back with us," said the New Hampshire boy, who had just come out of the hospital, the shell wound in his back healed perfectly. "As fast as this train will take me, I'm going back to the outfit, and I want to give him a home for life back on the old farm."

## No Chance for Artillerymen

Wherever the machine gunners went, Hindenburg went, too. Days of shell-fire and fearful nights of moving in the darkness found the big chestnut horse always ready to carry a wounded man to an aid post or to give a lift to three of four weary and spent soldiers. If they could, the battalion would vote a D.S.C. to the big horse, and they have always been watchful lest some avicious Artillery outfit take him away. There were several days when the boys felt sorry for Hindenburg. That was when the advance, quickening, carried the battalion into a region of shell-plowed hills and roads—a region that had been the German back line. Hindenburg became restless and gave many signs that he was on familiar ground. He would try to turn off roads where there were big lettered signs "links-gefahren" or "rechts-gefahren," and there was one crossroads where he would stop invariably and whinny.

## The Empty Sentry Box

Here he would make many curious movements with his ears, and turn his head for a look behind, and always he would trot over to the empty sentry box and sniff and then give a sort of a forlorn whinny. But the old Landwehr sentry, who may be presumed to have handed him a carrot now and then in the old days, never came out of the sentry box.

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## 1ST DIVISION WINS PRAISE FROM C.-IN-C.

Brilliant Advance West of Meuse Made Subject of General Order

The 1st Division is the single subject of G.O. 201, G.H.Q., in which the Commander-in-Chief records his extreme satisfaction with that unit's work. The order reads:

"The Commander-in-Chief desires to make of record in the general orders of the American Expeditionary Forces his extreme satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and soldiers of the 1st Division in its advance west of the Meuse between October 4 and 11, 1918. During this period the division gained a distance of seven kilometers over a country which presented not only remarkable facilities for enemy defense, but also great difficulties of terrain for the operation of our troops."

The division met with resistance from elements of eight hostile divisions, most of which were first-class troops and some of which were completely rested. The enemy chose to defend its position to the death, and the fighting was always of the most desperate kind.

Throughout the operations, the officers and men of the division displayed the highest type of courage, fortitude and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. In addition to many enemy killed, the division captured 1,407 of the enemy, 13 75mm. field guns, ten trench mortars, and numerous machine guns and stores.

The success of the division in driving a deep advance into the enemy's territory enabled an assault to be made on the left by the neighboring division against the northeastern portion of the Forest of Argonne, and enabled the 1st Division to advance to the right and outflank the enemy's position in front of the division on that flank.

The Commander-in-Chief has noted in this division a special pride of service and a high sense of morale, never broken by hardship or battle.

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The man who took the old family clock to pieces and then found that he had enough material to make several clocks had no more intricate job before him than that of the American soldiers who are attached to a park for the assembling of wagons for the A.E.F.

An idea of the base ports at one of the base ports. The Army now uses 12 different types of wagons, and in order to save room the parts are all shipped separately. For the regulation field wagon there are 103 separate parts, besides the 28 spare parts which are carried in a box in the wagon.

An idea of the work turned out by this assembly park may be realized when it is known that each arriving division had to be supplied with 758 horse drawn vehicles. And as many as three divisions have arrived in a single week.

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Gentlemen:

I have watched with extreme interest your advertising space in The Stars and Stripes and must tell you how much I enjoy your advertisements. Your copy is refreshingly original and if any of us American soldiers ever get to London—it is a safe bet that one of the places we will look up will be the Junior Army & Navy Stores.

What I want is to send Christmas Gifts to about ten folks in the United States—and if possible I want to send them from Europe. You are probably aware of the fascination such a gift would have. Can you send me any kind of booklet with a list of appropriate articles and prices? I want to know about such trivial gifts as writing paper, handkerchiefs, books, linen and anything that one might send as a remembrance.

If I send you a list of what I want and the addresses in the States, along with a greeting card, have you any method whereby these articles could be mailed directly to the folks in the States?

Also—is it possible for you to mail to us who are right close to the front packages of equipment, such as underwear, or in fact, anything we desire? I am sure you could get it. I want a copy of your Military Equipment Booklet mailed to me.

I trust I may hear from you shortly.  
Most cordially yours,

WE BELIEVE that the English Speaking Nations have more in common than just the mother tongue and we hope none of you will go back home without a visit to this "old" country. When you come you will find us surprisingly young, and under the skin surprisingly sincere.

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We understand and cater particularly for military requirements so that it is not surprising that the special need of the writer of the letter quoted above has been anticipated. We have a section attached to the Advertising Department prepared to act personally for any and every man on Active Service with the Allies. We call this section the PERSONAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT and it lives up to its name. You may write us as personally as you would to a friend and we will shop for you as personally as if we were buying for ourselves. A booklet would not answer nearly so well, but our Christmas List is now ready and will be gladly forwarded on request. Little gifts for the friends at home are therefore best sent through the PERSONAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT of the JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES who will pack and dispatch them through the post with painstaking care.

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